THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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PACIFIC
Theological Seminary,

The seedlet of the rose,
  While still beneath the ground,
Think you it ever knows
  The mystery profound
Of its own power of birth and bloom
Until it springs above its tomb?

The caterpillar crawls
  Its mean life in the dust,
Or hangs upon the walls
  A dead aurelian crust;
Think you the larva ever knew
Its gold-winged flight before it flew?

When from the Port of Spain
  Columbus sailed away,
And down the sinking main
  Moved toward the setting day;
Could any words have made him see
The new worlds that were yet to be?

The boy with laugh and play
  Fills out his little plan,
Still lisping day by day
  Of how he'll be a man;
But can you to his childish brain
Make aught of coming manhood plain?

Let heaven be just above us,
  Let God be ever so nigh,
Yet howso'er He loves us,
  And howe'er much we cry,
There is no speech that can make clear
The thing "that doth not yet appear."

—M. W. Savage.

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BETTER THAN GOLD.

It was with the caption of "Three Hale Gold Seekers" that a San Francisco daily paper chronicled the reunion recently of three California pioneers, who met to celebrate the sixty-second anniversary of their arrival on the steamer "California" in February, 1849. The three were the Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Willey, of Berkeley, who celebrated his 90th birthday last Saturday; General W. H. Pratt and Henry F. Williams of San Francisco, aged 84 years and 83 years, respectively.

All that the daily paper said about the delightful reunion was correct so far as we know. But the head-line, "Three Hale Gold Seekers," was not correct. One of these men, the Rev. S. H. Willey, did not come as a gold seeker. He came to plant the church and the school. And he did not work here long as a Christian minister before turning his thoughts to the need on these shores for the Christian college, and his name goes down now in history as a leader in the founding in early years of the College of California which, turned over to the state some years later, became the University of California, today one of the greatest educational institutions in the land.

We do not disparage the gold seeker. Gold has its place. It has played an honorable part in the upbuilding of California. But if Dr. Willey had come here as a gold seeker we do not believe that it would have been given to him to stand in the presence of thousands of people in the Greek Theater, as he did stand last May, and be addressed by the president of our great university as "The First Citizen of California," and receive in recognition of distinguished service for the commonwealth the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

For sixty-two years Dr. Willey has been doing in one way and another, both in his years of activity and retirement, what gold never has and never can do here or anywhere else. Glad are we that he came not as a gold seeker, but to make his life count religiously and educationally as it has counted all these three score years.

It requires a variety of works and workers to make a land and nation what they should be.

We heard not long ago a criticism of Ralph Waldo Emerson because he devoted his life, as he did, to literature. What if he was somewhat of a dreamer? What matter that he never went into the tenements of his city or lent a hand on some great field of action?

Back in the year 1880, in some verses addressed to Emerson, one of our poets showed the man's worth to the world—

"Doors hast thou opened for us, thinker, seer!
Bars let down into pastures measureless."

And then he was mentioned as a voice that wandered toward us like a breeze—

"From great expanses beyond time and space,
With hints of unexplored eternities
Stirring the sluggish soul new paths to trace."

A word that gave us lightness, as of wings;
Home, welcome, freedom, in the everywhere!
The mention of thy name, like nature's brings
A sense of widening worlds and ampler air."

Of old was it written: "Now, ye are the body of Christ, and severally members thereof. And God hath set some in the church: first apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly teachers, then miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, governments, divers kind of tongues. Are all prophets; are all teachers; are all workers of miracles? Have all gifts of healings? Do all speak with tongues. Do all interpret? But—desire earnestly the greater gifts."

If there is anything greater than to stand in a great commonwealth with such stalwart Christian manhood as has characterized Dr. Willey these sixty-two years in California, God has not disclosed it to our vision.

If there is anything grander than to live and work so as to be an inspiration to the world such as Emerson has been our thought has failed to grasp it.

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

"Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!"

Since writing the foregoing there has come to our knowledge a noteworthy remembrance of Dr. Willey the day his 90th birthday was celebrated by his relatives in Berkeley. Among the many letters which came to him that day was one from the San Francisco merchant Mr. F. W. Dohrmann, who is a member of the board of regents of the University of California. Accompanying the letter was a beautiful loving-cup, of gold and silver, bearing the greetings of the donor and the further words, "Beloved by All." We quote the letter in the main:

"To attain in good physical health and in full possession of all mental faculties the age of ninety, as you do today, is a privilege which but few are permitted to enjoy.

"To be able to look back at the same time on a life full of unselfish endeavor, to have but few mistakes, if any, to regret, and to see that your efforts have produced results, which have been, are, and will be for ages a benefit and a blessing to passing generations, those are rare experiences which but few live to enjoy.

"But, to have these all well known and understood, appreciated and acknowledged by all who surround you, and many who only know of you, while you are still living and amongst them, is the rarest experience of all; for most benefactors of mankind have to die before they are fully appreciated for what they accomplish during their lifetime.

"I came to Oakland about fifty years ago, and it has been my good fortune to have known you ever since. I

hope I may be permitted to count myself amongst your friends. Your example has been an inspiration to me. My life has been made the better for your life, and I claim permission to testify today to what you have been to those who could not benefit directly from your efforts in the cause of religion and education.

"Your congregation has included many who did not attend your church. Your work for years has helped to uplift many who never attended a lecture in the great University of which you were one of the founders. For the advantage to have been one of these I thank you today. May I live to be able to do so again ten years hence!"

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

According to the Los Angeles Times the labor organizations and the ministers have been working together for the first time on a Sunday closing proposition. When some time ago an ordinance for the closing of the theaters on Sunday was up for consideration, the preachers favored it and the labor organizations opposed it, taking the stand that the workingman needed on Sunday such a place of amusement as the theater. When the question of closing the carrier and general delivery windows of the post-office on Sundays came up, the labor organizations and the ministers worked together for it. But most of the principal merchants, bankers and business men in general signed a petition against it. There are many people in Los Angeles who shrink from doing anything that they fear may be disliked by the tourists. The tourists make business for Los Angeles; and business is business, you know. But it might make for the best interests to ask now and then whether business is not the Lord's business.

If life were only what a man
  Thinks daily of,—his little care,
His petty ill, his trivial plan,
  His sordid scheme to hoard and spare;
His meager ministry, his all
  Unequal strength to breast the stream;
His large regret—repentance small;
  His poor unrealized dream,—
'Twere scarcely worth a passing nod:
  Meet it should end where it began.
But 'tis not so. Life is what God
  Is daily thinking of for man.

SORRY FOR REUF.

We are sorry for Abraham Reuf. We are sorry also for those who have allowed their sympathy and sorrow to lead them to say that they will make every possible effort to secure his early release from San Quentin. Charles Montgomery, president of the California Prison Commission, is among those reported to have said that they would petition the Governor for a reprieve. In all probability Reuf has suffered enough to bring about his reformation. Several years in the penitentiary will not make him more of a law-abiding citizen than he would be if he were to be paroled or pardoned within the next six months. But to keep him in San Quentin for a few years will have a deterrent effect on others. It is said not infrequently nowadays that punishment for crime is not a deterrent. Perhaps it isn't for some crimes; but we believe that it is for such as Abraham Reuf committed.

Punishment he has had already; big punishment. But there are men who would be willing to go through all that for a big stake if they thought that after it would come no term in the penitentiary. People who have the good of society at heart should ponder long and seriously before they move to get Reuf out on parole even before he has served at least half of his sentence.

Moreover, it should be remembered that he entered the gates of San Quentin posing as a martyr. He is reported as saying: "My conscience is clear. I have been unfairly dealt with and in the end this will be conclusively proved."

Reuf, so believing, would hardly be a force for righteousness in San Francisco. Rather, quite the reverse. If he was correctly reported, as quoted herein, he hasn't learned his lesson yet. Reuf's conscience clear? What kind of a conscience has Abraham Reuf?

PRESIDENT TAFT AND SECRETARY BALLINGER AND CONSERVATION.

In the appointment as Secretary of the Interior of Mr. Walter Lowrie Fisher of Chicago, President Taft has shown great wisdom. There will be no change in the conservation policy of the Administration. Things will go on practically as they have under Secretary Ballinger's direction. But the mouths of those who have been crying out so vociferously against the Interior Department will be closed. As the first president of the Conservation League of America and as vice-president of the National Conservation Association, Mr. Fisher's devotion to conservation is well known. But he is an able lawyer as well as a devoted conservationist, and like President Taft and Secretary Ballinger he will be governed by the law relating to such matters.

The letter to Secretary Ballinger by the President at the time he accepted his resignation has caused some who were looking on the Secretary as a scoundrel to pause and consider. The President made the Secretary's cause his own and denounced unstintingly those who had attacked him. The people of this country have been accustomed to regard President Taft as a fair-minded conscientious man, seeking the interests of all in every position in life which he has occupied. And now, when he places himself so unequivocally on the side of Mr. Ballinger, not a few are wondering whether they have not been misled and have formed erroneous opinions concerning the man. We are of opinion that they have been thus misled, and that the historians of the future will write of Mr. Ballinger as a greatly maligned official. Often in the history of the world has been far from the voice of God; and the voice of the people is found often to be far from what the law is and should be.

THE GIDEONS TO BE IN EVIDENCE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Christian Travelers' Association of America, the members of which are known commonly as Gideons, are arranging to put 25,000 Bibles in the hotels of San Francisco and other cities on the Pacific Coast soon after the meeting here in June of the International Sunday-school Association.

It is said that arrangements are being made for a big parade in the streets of San Francisco at that time of Sunday-school workers and adult scholars, each carrying a Gideon Bible, and that after the parade these will be built into a great pyramid in the convention hall and allowed to stand there during the convention as an object lesson.

The Gideons ordered recently one hundred thousand Bibles and are pushing energetically the campaign for putting them in all the hotels of the country. The sending of twenty-five thousand to San Francisco will mark the largest shipment of Bibles ever made at one time.

THE FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH AND DR. AKED.

All advices from New York indicate that the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church will not be able to meet the requirements of the Rev. Dr. Aked, that his resignation will be accepted Wednesday evening of this week and that he will begin his pastorate with the First Congregational Church of San Francisco on Easter Sunday.

In his statement to his church made on Sunday, March 5th, Dr. Aked said that the thought of severing the ties which bound him to that people gave him unspeakable pain, and that if any man or woman knew any reason why he should remain in New York and had anything to enlighten or to encourage him such an one was invited to make it known. Nothing has transpired to change his belief that he can do a better work in San Francisco than in New York, and the only thing now remaining between his formal acceptance of the San Francisco call is the acceptance of his resignation this week by the Fifth Avenue Church.

A prominent member of that church is reported by the New York Tribune as saying:

"Dr. Aked considers himself an orator. He is not content to go into the homes of the members of his church and talk to two or three persons in the old-fashioned way. He does not think he can do his best work in that way. He is not content to talk to 700 or 800 people in our present church. He wants to talk to 2,000, anyway, and he would rather have 5,000."

"What was the trouble with the proposal to build a new church on the old site?" was asked.

"Well," the official replied, "Dr. Aked said it wasn't large enough. When you have to take out room for elevators to reach the upper floors, room for light wells and everything else that is needed, you haven't the space left on a plot 100 feet square to build a huge auditorium. We could only build an auditorim to accommodate 1,300 persons, and that wasn't big enough to suit Dr. Aked. He wanted 2,000, anyway. It cost us $26,000 to find that out."

"Were you unable to find another site for a church?"

"We looked at a great many but we could not find one that was satisfactory. We could get a site on the East Side or the West Side for $350,000 or $400,000. We could sell our present ground for $600,000, and we had $500,000 subscribed for a new church. That meant that we would have plenty of money to buy a new site and put up a new building.

"If we built on Fifth avenue, however, it would cost us at least $2,000,000. Dr. Aked wanted a corner plot. He was unwilling to go above 59th street, and he did not want an East Side or a West Side church. Our board of trustees could not see the wisdom of raising another million dollars. It was too uncertain.

"Besides, many of our members are attached to the old church and do not like to give it up. They think a new building on the old site, if we must have something new, would give plenty of opportunity. We are not sure that we want a huge auditorium, filled with rambling religious rubbernecks, and that's about what it means to have a great church and a pulpit orator.

"When I went into the church this morning one of the first men I saw was a man I recognized as having come down from Dr. MacArthur's church. He is one of those pugnacious individuals who is always stirring up trouble. The church was crowded so that there was hardly standing room, and I said to myself: 'Here is the regular crowd come to see a row in a church. If I only knew them, half of these people are probably of the same stripe as that fellow from Dr. MacArthur's church.'

"That's what you get in a big church with an orator. What good does it do to draw a crowd composed of young men who take their girls to hear a popular preacher one Sunday and to a moving picture show the next?"

Having been asked whether there was much probability that Dr. Aked would withdraw his resignation this official said:

"The trustees might get together and make such personal pledges or hold out such hopes to him that he would reconsider. That is what they would have to do. They could not make any absolute promises for the church. They could only say that they would try."

Being asked, "Do you think they will?" the reply was, "I do not think they will."

Dr. Aked is 46 years old, having been born in Nottingham, England, in 1864. When he was twelve years old his father, an auctioneer, died, and he received his education, at a small commercial school in the town. He was forced to begin work at an early age, and for a time had no thought of the ministry. He was a clerk in a coal merchant's office, and then for two years was a seriff's officer in chant's office, and then for two years was a sheriff's officer in Derby.

In 1890 Dr. Aked entered on the pastorate at Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, where he came into prominence. The congregation had been made up originally of the fashionable element. Before he took charge there the church was almost deserted. He appealed to the masses, the emphasis of his work was with the needy, and success was immediate and long continued. In 1907 he came to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, very evidently, according to the admissions of leading officials of the church, on promises and with expectations which have not been fulfilled.

Relations, however, have been friendly and pleasant notwithstanding differences of judgment; and if there has been any feeling of displeasure toward Dr. Aked it has been only since he took into consideration the overtures of the San Francisco Church. But the simple fact that notice of his intention came to the trustees by way of San Francisco and London ought not to have nettled any of them after all the warnings which he had been giving them for a long time.

That wasn't a sudden drop of the hammer!

NO OCCASION FOR ROOSEVELT TO COME BACK.

So says the Indianapolis Star. Can Mr. Roosevelt come back? was the question that went the rounds of the press last November after the defeat in New York of men championed by him. Commenting on the recent reception given him in Chicago the Star says:

"He came out to deliver a Washington's birthday address before the Union League Club, but so great was the demand to hear him that no less than nine meetings were arranged for him, and between 10 a. m. and midnight he had a busy time indeed. It is estimated that not less than fifty thousand people heard him at the various gatherings and crowds were turned away from most of the places, unable to gain entrance. Leading men of the city, thousands of foreign-born citizens, the local organizations of boy scouts, settlement workers and their charges, and men, women and children of all classes united to welcome him and showed no diminution of the enthusiasm with which they were wont to greet him in times past.

"The question, could he come back, had reference to his popularity. Because he failed to harmonize New York Republican factions it was hastily assumed by his political enemies that his prestige was gone and that he was no longer to be counted as a popular force, but the truth is that, with the general public, he never lost standing. His place in the common estimation was not based on a passing whim, but on sincere respect for him as a man and on admiration for his qualities and achievements. People believed him to be patriotic and sincere and to be earnestly and unselfishly concerned in the promotion of the public good. He might make mistakes of judgment, but these they could overlook because they felt his purposes were worthy. The average citizen is a fairly good judge of public men; he 'sizes them up' with reasonable correctness. Mr. Roosevelt has been sized up and approved, and the public is not so fickle that it was ready to reverse its opinion on slight cause.

"The fact is that, with the Chicago public, he did not 'come back,' because there was no occasion. He had never lost his popularity; he had never been away in the matter of popularity. What is true in Chicago is doubtless true in all other places in the United States where he was held in especial esteem. Mr. Roosevelt is still our first and most popular private citizen and his personality still retains its remarkable hold on the people."

Knowing how eager people are to hear Mr. Roosevelt, the directors of Pacific Theological Seminary have arranged to have the lectures by him next week in Berkeley given in the Greek Theater. The first will be on Friday afternoon, March 24, at four o'clock. Lectures will follow on Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. There will be no admission fee.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It is reported that 70 per cent of the students in the University of Oregon are working their way through the institution.

Ten years ago the Presbyterian church in Denver of which Dr. Coyle is pastor gave about $500 a year to missions. Last year it gave $6,000.

Before the Laymen's Missionary Movement was inaugurated in Toronto the churches of that city gave $175,000 for foreign missions. Last year they gave $410,773.

The Rev. Dr. Kloss says of church members that twenty per cent of them are workers in all circumstances; that forty per cent will work if somebody keeps after them continually and that forty per cent will not work under any conditions.

In the departure of Mr. W. H. Lewis from Seattle to Portland, Washington Congregationalism loses a valuable worker. Mr. Lewis is known widely among Congregationalists, not only on the Pacific Coast, but all over the country. Last year he was president of the Congregational Brotherhood.

Mexico has 15,000,000 population, 8,000,000 of whom are Indians. The other 7,000,000 are mixed races and foreigners. The prevailing language in Mexico is Spanish.

San Francisco has a Russian Baptist church. At a recent service for the ordination of its minister Finnish and Chinese churches were represented. Such a fellowship couldn't be in Russia.

A group of Chicago citizens were together not long ago when was asked the question, "Who are the first five citizens of Chicago?" All agreed in placing first the name of Jane Addams. Next came that of Julius Rosenwald, the Jew, who made recently an offer of $25,000 for a Young Men's Christian Association for colored people of Chicago, and a similar offer for any city that would add to that the sum of $75,000.

A San Francisco correspondent of a Los Angeles paper writes: "Recognizing that picketing by the labor unions has come to be a joke and that such methods only serve to boost an employer's business, the San Francisco Labor Council has issued a general order to affiliated unions to refrain from boycotting or picketing 'unfair' houses except in such cases as the executive committee of the Labor Council shall direct." We know nothing of the correctness of this. But we do know that there are many people going to certain restaurants in San Francisco mainly because they are picketed as unfair. Among them are several ministers who regard picketing as exceedingly unfair.

The Los Angeles Times remarks: "Surely, if there were ever a place on the face of the earth where all the trails of the world meet, that place is Los Angeles. In the course of any given year this city entertains more distinguished men and women than any other spot on the globe." Of late it has been Sylvia Pankhurst, Jacob Riis and John Burroughs, with Colonel Roosevelt on the way. Practically the same remark can be made of San Francisco. Here the ends of the world meet. Perhaps the sunnier lime of our beautiful Southland holds them longer, but they touch San Francisco also. Miss Pankhurst, it seems, however, saw more sunshine in San Francisco than in Los Angeles. As she was leaving Los Angeles she said: "I know that you have too much beautiful weather here not to be grateful for the essential and refreshing rains when they come; but I did so want to see the sun upon the orange trees and on the flowers."

At the recent Congress on Christian Unity held in Los Angeles, the great good that had been accomplished in that city by federation was noted by Bishop Johnson of the Protestant Episcopal Church and who then said that with profound respect for federation his ideal leaves that far in the rear. He added in that connection: "It is my feeling that the time has come when we, as Christian leaders, ought to repreach the Pauline conception of the church. Of course, we will all find that there will be plenty of people in all of our congregations who are determined, at all cost, to be first, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists, and I suppose there always will be such, but I for one am praying that the time shall come when the necessity for these names shall have passed away; (applause) that the Christian world will soon have formed a platform upon which every Christian may stand without any sense of loss, and with the satisfaction of knowing that it includes every essential to salvation in the gospel of Jesus Christ."

California lost one of her best citizens in the death recently at Riverside of Mr. C. E. Rumsey. As a resident of Pittsburg he was one of the leaders in the organization of the National Biscuit Company, and was its first treasurer and secretary. Upon giving up his active interest in the company some years ago, he became interested in the growth of oranges in California, and had at the time of his death one of the finest orange plantations and orange packing houses in the country. He also interested himself in

ancient Indian relics, was an authority on Indian lore, and had one of the most complete private collections of Indian basketry in existence, ranging in size from that of a small pea to those in which the Indians cooked their food. Throughout his life Mr. Rumsey was actively interested in religious and philanthropic work. While in Pittsburg he was an elder of the First Presbyterian Church, and when he went to Riverside he continued his church activities and became greatly interested in the Young Men's Christian Association.

The Presbyterian Ministers' Association of New York and vicinity has adopted resolutions protesting "as citizens and patriots against the proposed presentation of a silver service to be placed on the United States battleship Utah" as the gift of the State of Utah. "This service," they declare, "bearing the portrait of Brigham Young and a picture of the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City, will discredit the State making the gift, and be a disgrace to the nation if it is accepted. The insolence of this proposal calls for immediate and emphatic resentment. The insignia of any church has no place on the service of a United States ship, and the insignia of the Mormon Church so placed is an insult to the Christian people of the whole country." Commander A. V. Wadhams, U. S. N., retired, says: "I wouldn't use such a service. How could I? What would be thought of us, say, in Germany, where to teach the doctrines of the Mormon Church is a crime against the State, if we confronted officers or representatives of the dignity of Germany with the insignia of an institution they are sworn to repel?"

The Rev. Dr. George R. Wallace, of Toledo, Ohio, formerly of Westminster Congregational church, Spokane, Washington, has been giving a series of very popular sermons on the following great subjects: "Has God Failed? Do Mankind's Chaotic Conditions Prove That His Plans Have Been Frustrated, and His Ultimate Purposes Rendered Impossible?" "Is Religion a Necessary and Scientific Part of Human Life, or Is It a Superstition of the Credulous?" "What Is Mankind's Richest Endowment, and Wherein Lies the Highest Possibility of Humanity?" "What Is the Saddest Failure, and What the Truest Success in the History of the Human Race?" A Toledo citizen with a national reputation for philanthropic work writes as follows of the influence which one of these sermons had on him: "Failing to sleep I got up early and read Isaiah all morning. I went to church somewhat discouraged regarding the work or final results of my efforts. I go back feeling it is well worth while to labor on. I know the good will win in the end, but some times I put up my hand and say 'God, I would like, as I work hard, to see a bit of the triumph.'"

The suggestion of President Crooks, of Albany college, Oregon, that a memorial to Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific ocean, be erected in San Francisco, fronting the Golden Gate, is commented on as follows by the Seattle Post-Intelligencer: "Balboa first sighted the waters of the Pacific on September 25, 1513. On September 13, 1913, there will ocur the 400th anniversary of the discovery. While this, naturally, would be the proper date for unveiling such a statue as is proposed, it would probably be better, if the idea is caried into effect, to carry the date forward so that the statue might be placed while the Panama fair is on in San Francisco in 1915. It was, in fact, some time in 1515, that Balboa founded the first Europeon settlements on the shores of the Pacific and constructed the first vessels which, with Europeans on board, ever plowed the waters of the Pacific. His discoveries with these vessels were few and unimportant, but only because his career was cut short as the result of controversies with his superiors. A statue placed on Alcatraz island and fronting the Pacific, would not only be commemorative of the original discovery of these waters, but would symbolize in some measure the fact that Pacific America looks to the Orient and has a mission there."

NOTES ON JAPAN.

Chas. R. Brown.

A Burial at Sea.

We crossed the Pacific on a Japanese ship, the "Chiyo Maru" of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha. I have made many voyages and never a more delightful one. From the Captain, W. W. Greene, down to the last steward, there was a disposition to do everything in their power for the comfort and pleasure of the passengers. The ship was so large and so steady that it was like spending those weeks at some splendid hotel. The people could walk, play games, read, sleep, eat and enjoy social converse with all the comfort and sense of security to be found on land.

The stewards are all Japanese or Chinese, the crew all Japanese and all the officers are Japanese save six—the captain, the purser, the doctor, the freight clerk, the head steward and the barber belong to our own race. The evening entertainments given on board by the Japanese sailors after the manner of their own country were a source of pleasure.

Modern ocean travel offers many conveniences not found at sea a few years ago. We had a large swimming tank about fifteen feet square and six feet deep, into which fresh salt water was pumped from the ocean morning and evening, so that a passenger could enjoy his daily plunge. The ship was provided with wireless telegraphy, so that the death of King Edward was announced to us at breakfast next morning just as it was made known to the rest of the world in the morning paper. The result of the conflict between the two races at Reno, Nevada, on the Fourth of July, was announced on deck that same evening at eight o'clock, allowing us to know before we slept that "the natural inferiority of the colored race" of which so much was heard before the Civil War, had certain limits.

When we were eight hundred miles this side of Yokohama I received a wireless message from our own missionary, Rev. Sidney L. Gulick, at ten o'clock at night. I replied by wireless and he received my answer next day at his home in Kyoto five hundred miles west of Yokohama. And when we landed at Yokohama the following morning he was there on the dock to greet us. Edison's claim that the day will come when a man in the heart of a forest or in an open boat at sea will be able to take a little instrument out of his pocket and converse with anybody, anywhere, may turn out to be true.

The captain told me one night that a Japanese in the steerage had died and that if I was on deck early next morning I could witness a burial at sea. When I reached the stern of the ship next morning a Buddhist priest who was a fellow passenger was already reciting the service of that faith.

The body had been prepared for burial, shrouded and shotted, and was lying on a platform at the edge of the deck. It was covered with the Japanese flag and near by was a rudely improvised altar with the symbols of the Buddhist religion and the customary offerings of fruit and

flowers. One hundred or more Japanese, with a few Chinese, stood there reverently witnessing the service.

It was an alien race, an alien faith, and an alien tongue in which the service was being conducted, and yet I felt a real sense of kinship with it all. Here they were, these men of strange mien, with needs and yearnings like our own, face to face with the same eternal mystery of death.

Here they were, seeking in their own way to make adjustment with that Unseen World, which is the source of all comfort. Here were those who had known this obscure man and loved him, and far away over the wide sea were others who would mourn his death when the sad news should come to them. A thousand times and more I had participated in scenes like this, reading the assuring promises of our Scripture and invoking the comfort of Heaven upon other broken hearts. But the same God is over all, no matter how we spell his name, and He would hear and heed the cry of these burdened hearts. Thus, when I looked upon those aliens, making their brave attempt to feel the touch of the Infinite Spirit, I could hardly keep my own tears back.

There we were in mid-ocean, two thousand miles from the nearest land. I could not understand a word of their service, but I found myself repeating those words from our own familiar psalm. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend into heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand hold me and thy right hand shall lead me."

Presently the captain and two other officers appeared! Eight bells sounded and as he lifted his hand, the engines ceased their throbbing and the ship stopped. The captain gave the sign and eight sailors cast the body into the sea as reverently as if the dead had been one of their own household. The body would not in that deep place sink to the bottom. It would sink to the level where, by the tremendous pressure of the water above, the weight of the dense water displaced by the body would equal that of the body itself; and there it would rest in the arms of the mighty deep.

When I returned to our own part of the ship for my morning walk I found myself unconsciously humming that hymn, "Sarum," which the people of the First Church, Oakland, so often sing:

"For all the saints who from their labors rest
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed
Thy name, oh, Jesus, be forever blessed."
Alleluia.

"From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,"
Alleluia.

PROFESSOR RUDOLPH EUCKEN AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

E. E. P. Abbott.

"I felt like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

Rudolph Eucken has long been a familiar name in the philosophical world. Thirty years ago his "Fundamental Concepts" was translated by Prof. Phelps, but his philosophy in its matured form is a surprise to many of us. It comes like a fresh revelation. "I opened a book," says Pascal, expecting to find an author, "and I have found a man." Eucken is very popular just now in his own country; and fortunate is it that the tide has turned, and the old intellectualism and naturalism have at last given way to the new philosophy of life. We do not know where philosophy is presented in a more attractive or satisfactory form. "We Germans," Eucken modestly says, "are notoriously well accustomed to clumsiness of style," but neither John Caird himself, nor James Martineau can surpass the beauty nor the lucidity of this Jena professor. Two years ago the Noble prize for literary excellence was awarded to Eucken without dissent.

Some of the advocates of Pragmatism are always entertaining, and Eucken is the first to recognize many of their claims. He believes in movement; truth and reality have their source in life's own process. But while these brilliant insurgents leave many of their readers unsettled and confused, our author always stimulates and confirms. One can hardly be his faithful student, but he becomes enthusiastic and strong. "This makes me want to preach," exclaimed a friend after reading a few pages of "The Problem of Life." Eucken might say, as Goethe claimed of himself, "The man who has learnt to understand my writings and my general mode of thought will have to admit that he has won a certain inward freedom."

Eucken does not break with the past. He gives us a theory of history that greatly enriches it and, indeed, makes it a new study; sifting out the chaff and leaving us only the healthy germs; nay, incorporating in ourselves the gest of all the past and making the present transcend life while including it.

Hence the practical value of the author's theory as applied to the great questions of the hour. It is here that the philosopher becomes a prophet with a living message.

Eucken confesses a painful conviction of the inadequacy and emptiness of modern civilization in spite of all its outer ostentation. On every hand are men who boast of possessions that are sorely lacking. How loud is their praise of Reason and Freedom and Progress while ignorant of the deeper meaning of the terms and utterly failing to realize their reality. Even Mr. Emerson was wont to confess, "I love man but I hate men."

The greatness of this age, and its principal boast is in Work. Work is purposeful action, inspired by an idea, directed to an end. In the last century it seemed to emancipate man from morbid introspection and made him the master of a world that so long had tyrannized over him. The industrial world, with its multiplying complexes, has achieved on every hand most brilliant triumphs, and has altered the whole of our existence. But the tendency has been to strengthen the non-spiritual order while doing little for the self-realization of the individual. Must there be so sad a contrast between the elaborate and splendid work done on the circumference, while there is emptiness at the very center of life? The emphasis is misplaced, and the real values of life ignored.

"Things are in the saddle and ride mankind."

Man has become their slave and is under sway of the pettily human, the mediocre. Instead of man, the person, as distinguished from the individual, we have a bundle of sensations, feelings and impulses; a psychology without a soul; progress with no definite goal; a doubt that reaches down to fundamentals, and causes even the foundation of things to crumble.

But there has a reaction set in and men are not so ready to deify labor as they were, especially if the drudgery falls upon them individually. "There is a great deal of hypocritical twaddle talked about work," says Harnack. And now an exclusive class, that rejoice in independence of work, bow down as to a fetich before the shrine of culture. They are ready to make refinement a substitute for religion. The little chapel takes an inferior place by the splendid palace of Art. No man better understands the claims of modern culture than does Eucken; and no man is more ready to

give it its rightful estimate. But the surface refinement of the natural man cannot satisfy the hunger of the inner life. It has furnished needed stimulus and has led to a marked advance. It has laid stronger emphasis on the independence of individuality; it has given life more immediacy and a freer movement, more suppleness and more happiness. But it cannot give a joy that penetrates and sustains the inmost life and ensures warmth and elevation and lastingness. It aims to curtain off the elect from the great herd of Barbarians and Philistines, and is content to administer a refined but selfish enjoyment to the few educated, perhaps over-educated, men and women. But the higher goal of life is missed and such a life must in the end be accounted as artificial and shallow.

And one might go on indefinitely, quoting from no single page, but enforcing from many volumes the same sad indictment.

This is the dark, sad, shadow upon which this master hand is prepared to lay the brighter colors that he is pleased to call "the new idealism." It is really a philosophy, almost a gospel, of redemption. He gives us in many places an unanswerable criticism of modern naturalism; he returns, again and again, to the discussion of intellectualism which has so long held sway in Germany. These are persistent types which can never of themselves solve the problem. Now the pendulum swings in the one way, and then the other. It is imperative that we rise above the plain of nature if we would grasp the reality. We must be lifted above the warring elements that divide individuals and society to achieve mastery. Eucken is giving us a problem of philosophy; but the preacher finds it so easy to interpret it into his own language. Notwithstanding, there is much in it that militates against the old orthodoxy it makes us love the old gospel all the more. We feel that in the spiritual life we have a strong reaffirmation of Paul himself. The necessity of the new birth is hardly more strongly insisted upon by the old theologians. There is much here to strengthen the faith of the new Timothy. We almost hear again the exclamation of the apostle, "Who shall deliver," There is the negative, the "everlasting nay," and there is the strong affirmation, the everlasting yea. There is one text that assumes a new meaning, "Fight the good fight of faith.'" All the way along the military figure ih emphasized; and along with it and always allied, "Lay hold on eternal life." By an easy change of terms we have the need of the Holy Spirit. Dr. Geo. Gordon, in his article in Harvard Review for October, must have had Eucken before him in his strong paragraph upon the Holy Spirit. An author could not have been more clearly epitomized.

When this great philosopher comes to bow humbly before the cross all that is lacking in his philosophy will be supplied. Nay, then we shall have returned to a gospel which alone can answer the deep and earnest questions which it is the province of philosophy to ask.

Eucken is fortunate in his English translators.

The Problem of Human Life" is one of the most valuable reviews of the great thinkers of the world that can be found in any language—all treated with reference to the great question, "What is human life and how related to the world and God." (Scribner).

"The Meaning and Value of Life" (Black) is one of his latest works and perhaps his best introduction.

"The Life of the Spirit" (Putnam) is published in the "Crown Series".

"Christianity and the New Idealism" (Harper) gives us three valuable lectures before the theological school in Jena.

"What is Christianity?" translated by Rev. Tudor Jones.

A translation of "Der Wahreitsgehalt der Religion" is announced.

Boise Gibson's "Eucken's Philosophy of Life" is a very valuable introduction.

A good review may be found in Harvard Review for October, 1909.

These are books not to be borrowed. They must stand by one and are not to be exhausted by any single reading.

A PASADENA DEDICATION.

W. N. Burr.

Sometimes it is the unpromising child who makes for himself a record for vigor and usefulness as the years come and go. One Roosevelt, who has been making something of a stir in the world, is said to have been physically a weakling in early life; but he seems to have left all that sort of thing somewhere along the road behind him. Blessed are the overcomers.

There comes floating in from the life of past years the shade of a remark dropped by a man of understanding relative to a Congregational work that had been started not long before out on Lake avenue, Pasadena. It was very near to the beginning of the Emersonian administration, and it was something like this that the man of understanding said one day at a meeting of the Home Missionary committee: "I am sorry for Emerson. He will have a hard time of it to build up a church out there."

Now it may be he did have "a hard time of it," but that pastor was in the race to win, and he acomplished his purpose. For ten years he toiled, laying foundations strong and true; and if the Lake Avenue Congregational church was indeed a forlorn hope in the earliest years, it had grown well beyond that condition before Rev. Stephen G. Emerson dropped the work into other hands, and went to San Diego to tackle another Congregational enterprise that had sometimes in its history been known as "a forlorn hope," too.

Now under the pastorate of Rev. James H. Lash, the Lake Avenue church still refuses to stop growing. Unpromising as it may have seemed in its infancy, it has been steadily persistent in its development. The child must have been fed on some Mellin's Food of high ideals. Possibly President Gates came along in its impressionable childhood period and gave it his lecture on "The Enlargement of Life." Anyway, under the influence of Emersonian philosophy, and the wise lashings of the present pastorate, the Lake Avenue Congregational church of Pasadena is today a well-established, well-equipped institution. And it is still young, only about fifteen years old.

Last Sunday was a very happy day for the pastor and people of Lake Avenue church, notwithstanding the fact that it was one of those days that ministers are not likely to welcome with great joy—a rainy Sunday. It was the day appointed for the dedication of the fine new Sunday school building and the new pipe organ, and the plans for the ocasion were all caried out without a break, except that an audience no larger than usual gathered for these services.

Dr. D. W. Fox went over from the First church to preach the dedication sermon, having secured for his own pulpit the Rev. A. W. Archibald, D. D., of Newton Center, Massachusetts.

"Dr. Fox preached a strong, inspiring sermon," reports Pastor Lash, "taking as a basis for his thought Paul's wonderful prayer recorded in Ephesians 3:14-21. In a masterly way the preacher outlined the Apostle's great prayer,

and by illustration and application drove the truth home to the hearts of his hearers that Paul's thought there expressed of Jesus Christ filling human lives to the full, is that which this world needs, for that it is which saves, redeems.

"Emphasis was placed upon right beginnings, the time element, the part of heredity and environment in the building of character. As the speaker proceeded, very naturally his thought led to the place which the church has in the world's life, and the contribution it makes toward Christian character.

"In closing, in a few words fitting and impressive, Dr. Fox spoke of the splendid equipment of the Lake Avenue church, the new portion of which was about to be dedicated, and the part the Bible school was to have in the formation of character, and that which the organ was to add to the worship of God. Then briefly, in his own unique and happy way, he told his audience that $4,000 was needed to clear the indebtedness, except that cared for by the Church Building Society. Although the congregation was not large, yet so willingly and gladly did the people respond that in about thirty minutes every dollar was pledged, and the dedication services were joyfully completed.

"Mr. Henry Castle, on behalf of the Building committee, presented the building and organ in a few words fitting and full of feeling, and the same were accepted by Mr. Lewis Davis, chairman of the Board of Trustees. The prayer of dedication was made by Dr. Fox, the benediction by the pastor, and the service which means much to the church and community was closed.

"The improvements have cost $13,500. Only two large gifts have been made toward this—the Ladies' Aid Society has assumed $1,500, and Deacon L. H. S. Barrows has given $800 towards the organ as a memorial to his wife who died within the past year."

The new Sunday school building has well-arranged rooms for primary and beginners' classes, and twenty other class rooms. The basement has been fitted up for social purposes, with dining room and kitchen.

And now may the blessing of Him to whose service all this most desirable equipment has been dedicated rest upon this church as it faces and plans for the larger work of the future. It is a worthy record, the development of "a forlorn hope" in fifteen years into a church of such grace and influence as that held by the Lake Avenue church of today. Such a record betokens both wise leadership and wise following. For it requires wisdom to march with the rank and file and to keep step, as well as to issue commands and lead the way. No doubt the grace of the Christian manifested by "the people" has contributed to the growth of this splendid church not a little during these years of steady advancement. Ideals, and good sense in working them out, have more than once turned unpromising desert places into fruitful gardens.

And that reminds me of a paragraph that came along in my reading yesterday:

"Mankind always needs ideals which loom so large in the sight of man that they cannot fail to see them clearly. More than ever is this true of today, for the turmoil and the hurry of modern life raises a great dust which oftentimes hides the skies. Enthusiasm, dreams, hopes are to be encouraged, and belong to youth, which ever renews itself in warm hearts, although reason is needed to cool and guide them. The fact that we believe that our ideal is beautiful and holy is not ground for forcing it on our mates. To win success a man must not be a pure idealist, else in practical things he will fail; but he must have ideals, and he must obey them."

La Canada, California.

A MONUMENT TO REV. H. H. SPALDING.

An article in theSpokesman-Review, Spokane, Wash., by Ex-Governor McConnell of Moscow, Ida., urging the citizens of Idaho to erect a monument to Mr. Spalding, has elicited a discussion in the daily press. The Spokesman-Review, the great daily of the Inland Empire, has commended the movement editorially. The Rev. Jonathan Edwards of Sprague, Washington, writes of the movement as follows:

It is especially gratifying to those familiar with the life-work of the late Rev. Henry Harmon Spalding, to find an awakening of interest in the man and the fruits of his labors, and a realization of debt of the present generation to him.

As a special student of the missionary, I rejoice that ex-Governor McConnell has called attention to the propriety of erecting a monument to the memory of one who proved himself so efficient as a Christian worker among the Indians. I trust the people of Idaho will respond readily and act in accordance with the suggestions of the ex-governor.

Although some of the greatest men have expressed their high appreciation of the contributions of missionaries to the knowledge and commerce of the world, still there are intelligent people who underestimate their work, and do not seem to know that thereby they expose their ignorance. President McKinley, acting as chairman of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference, said: "I am glad of the opportunity to offer without stint my tribute of praise and respect to the missionary effort which has wrought such wonderful triumphs for civilization." President Harrison, at the same time said: "I deem it an honor to associate myself with the most influential and enduring work that is being done in this day of great enterprises." It has been declared by the world's greatest geographer, Carl Ritter, that the missionary has rendered more real service to geography than all the geographical societies in the world."

Missionaries justly claim a place among the world's greatest explorers. G. M. Powell of the Oriental Topographical corps, in a paper read before the American institute said: "Probably no source of knowledge in this department has been so vast, varied and prolific as the investigations and contributions of the missionaries. They have patiently collected and truthfully transmitted much valuable geographical information, and all without money and without price, though it would have cost millions to secure it in any other way."

In preface to vol. 17, "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," we find as follows: "There is no class of men, whether viewed as scholars or philanthropists, who have earned a higher reputation than missionaries. Their contributions to history, to ethnology, to philology, to geography and to religious literature form an enduring monument to their fame."

Professor Stillman has recognized their contributions to science; so has Professor Agassiz, who said: "We must look to them not a little for aid in our efforts to advance future science." It is not an uncommon thing for missionaries to be more than "mere religionists and founders of civilization." Mr. Spalding and his wife reached Lapwai, Idaho, as early as November 29, 1836, and established a mission there.

He was doubtless one of the most successful missionaries among the Indians on the Pacific coast. He was not only a mechanical genius, but as Dr. Myron Eeels says, by far

the best writer of all the early Protestant missionaries. He was also a remarkable evangelist. In three years he baptized nearly 700 Nez Perce Indians and nearly 300 Spokane Indians. It is worthy of note also that at his mission in 1839, the first printing was done on the Pacific coast. The press was donated by the mission of the American Board at the Sandwich Islands, and brought to the station by a practical printer, E. O. Hall. A number of pamphlets and booklets in Nez Perce and Spokane languages were printed on this press. The civilized and Nez Perce Indians, and their earnest Christian spirit is a grand monument to Spalding, but he deserves one of marble or granite also. The people of Walla Walla and Oregon have erected one to Marcus Whitman and the Washington Historical Society to Cushing Eels and Elkanah Walker, his associates, and the state of Idaho will do itself honor by erecting one to Spalding.

THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

H. Melville Tenney.

The Laymen's Misionary Movement in its third visit to the San Francisco bay region will concentrate in one series of meetings to be held in Oakland, March 20th and 21st. Colonel E. W. Halford, J. Campbell White and S. Earl Taylor, of New York, will be the leaders from abroad. The meetings will begin on Monday evening, March 20th, with a dinner at 6 p. m. at the Scottish Rite temple, Fifteenth and Madison streets. The addresses this evening will be on "The Present Working Policy of the Laymen's Missionary Movement," by Col. E. W. Halford; "Successful Financial Methods," by S. Earl Taylor; and "Important By-Products of the Present Missionary Awakening," by J. Campbell White. Tickets to this dinner are placed at $1.00 per plate, and should be secured beforehand by application to Mr. F. L. Starrett, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Oakland. On the second day there will be a noon luncheon of the Executive committee, and at 3 p. m. a conference, to be held in the First Baptist church, with the following subjects for discussion: "The Local Missionary Outlook," "An Adequate Program of Missionary Finance," "An Adequate Program of Prayer for Missions," and "Why a Great Advance is Imperative." There will be a second supper at 6 p. m., with addresses on "Fundamental Principles of Missionary Finance," by Mr. J. Campbell White, and "Every Christian's World-Obligation," by Col. E. W. Halford.

The conferences this year are not intended for great masses, such as gathered last year all over the country, but for select workers. It is hoped that all pastors and the church boards of all the different churches will be represented. The testimony comes from the East that the meetings of this character are the strongest ever held by the committee. The coming of these inspired leaders, together with the gathering of all our best local experts on missionary problems will offer the strongest sort of an educational and inspiritual opportunity to all of our pastors and church boards. We may hope for a better understanding of this great movement, with a distinct deeping of interest and of the spiritual impulse which must prompt all such great movements if they are to be permanently successful.

"Follow you the star that lights a desert pathway,—yours or mine.
Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.
Follow Light and do the Right."—Tennyson.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Bethany.—Five persons united with the church at the last communion, four on profession of faith.

Oakland, Fruitvale Avenue.—Three were received into membership last Sunday by letter, and one by confession and baptism.

Oakland, Fourth—The pulpit was occupied Sunday morning by the Rev. Mr. Sinclair and in the evening by the Rev. Geo. H. Dekay, who spoke on the subject, "Who is the Head of the House?"

Ripon.—Six persons united with this church at the last communion, one on confession of faith. The Rev. E. J. Singer is pastor at Ripon in connection with Salida. A bulletin called "Good Cheer" is published weekly.

San Bernardino.—The San Bernardino church received twelve new members at the January communion and nine at the March. Among those received was a judge of the superior court. In the two years' pastorate of the Rev. C. N. Queen there have been seventy-three additions to the membership.

Ferndale.—The Rev. A. B. Roberts tendered his resignation, and is soon to leave us for another field. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts have endeared themselves to their congregation; they have been active in all the branches of the church, and can be highly recommended by us to the church where they are going. We part with them with many regrets.

San Jose.—The Rev. Dr. W. T. Patchell left on Monday of this week for New York and will take the Hamburg-American steamer Cincinnati for Naples. He will spend some time in Italy, going from there to various continental countries and to England. During his absence his pulpit will be occupied by the Rev. Charles Hyde, an Oberlin classmate.

Los Angeles, West End.—This church received three new members into its fellowship at the communion service, March 5, and two children were presented for baptism. A good increase has been shown in the attendance at the preaching services; and especially so at the mid-week meetings. In these meetings a series of four studies in the gospel of John has just been completed, and next week a series of five in the epistle of James will be given. Rev. H. V. Hartshorn is pastor.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—The Ocean View church voted on the 12th of March to terminate its partnership with Pilgrim church, the latter voting on same date to concur. During Mr. Charnock's pastorate of nine months there have been eighteen accessions to the Ocean View membership, nine on confession. Thirty-six persons are using the weekly envelopes now, contributing $14.25 for current expenses. The church commenced using the duplex envelopes March 5th. The church has voted the pastor a salary of $1,000, pledging $750 of the amount. On invitation of the pastor the Rev. Leslie Briggs, of Bethany church, visited Ocean View church last Thursday evening to confer with the men of the church as to the wisest course to take for the future welfare of the church.

Petaluma.—Last December this church called the Rev. E. Belden Hart to minister to its people and lead its activities. Fresh from the seminary, Mr. Hart accepted the call, going East before entering on active duty to secure the "other half" of a full ministerial equipment. On his return with his bride, the church welcomed them with a hearty reception, and with a disposition to co-labor with the new pastor for steady progress along the lines he suggested. In a quiet way Mr. Hart took up the work, strengthening the already organized forces, and adding a few organizations together in new recruits. The outlook is as promising as the spring that has burst upon us. Last Sunday eight united with the church, four on confession of their faith. The social life of the church is feeling a decided impulse.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. George H. Dekay has been invited to aid in a campaign to be conducted in Woodland soon to eliminate the saloon in that town.

The article by the Rev. C. R. Brown in The Pacific this week is the first of a series of six concerning his observation and experiences in that country last year.

Last November Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary gave a scholarly address before the Philosophical Union on "Hebrew Moral Development." It has been published in pamphlet form and copies may be had by addressing the University Press, Berkeley, Cal. The copy of the University Chronicle in which it appeared may be had for twenty-five cents.

Last Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure of listening to a talk by the Rev. Chauncey Goodrich of Tungcho, China, who has been missionary in that land since 1864, and has come back to the home land on furlough. The Rev. Joseph Rowell read a paper on Revivalism. Next Monday the Rev. H. M. Tenney is to give an address.

SEATTLE CONGREGATIONALISM.

Recent statistics show that Congregationalism has had a large gain in Seattle during the last ten years. Between 1901 and 1911 the churches increased in number from 9 to 21, and the membership from 1,258 to 3,431.

The home expenses advanced from $21,694 to $62,902.

The benevolences to Congregational work increased from $1,895 to $20,509.

The per cent of gain in churches was 133. In membership the per cent of gain was 173.

In home expenses it was 189 per cent.

In benevolences it was 956 per cent.

The Seattle Church Extension Society had total receipts during 1910 to the amount of $6,611.95.

Plymouth Church, Seattle, received 109 members during 1910, making the enrollment the first of January 1,250.

The University Church received 115 members during 1910.

The University Church finds a large field for service among the students of the University. The pastor gives a great deal of his time in work with and for the students and about a dozen Bible classes, composed of students, are conducted by members of the church.

Dr. Temple continues to supply the Edgewater Church. When this church was organized in 1889 it was the only church in that part of the city. Now there are nine others not more than three blocks away.

The recent number of the quarterly published by the Church Extension Society contained a poem by the Rev. C. R. Gale, entitled Seattle. It was in part as follows:

Fair city by the sea,
Our hearts go out to thee,
O city fair!
Thy snow-crowned mountains high,
Clear lakes 'neath azure sky,
Bring thoughts of heaven nigh
And lead to prayer.

Here may Thy kingdom come,
Here may Thy will be done,
O King Most High!
Let truth and right prevail;
No foe our homes assail,
While love floods hill and dale,
And God is nigh.

CONGREGATIONAL AND PRESBYTERIAN COMITY IN WASHINGTON.

At a recent meeting in Seattle the Congregationalists and Presbyterians consulted as to church work in Washington, and entered into an agreement as indicated in the following:

Blaine is not to be occupied by the Presbyterians until such time as the Congregational church in the place is self-supporting.

Burlington is not to be occupied by either for the present.

In Mount Vernon the Presbyterians may organize at their pleasure and the Congregationalists may purchase property for future use at their discretion.

In Toppenish the Congregational organization was indorsed and the Presbyterians were advised to affiliate with one of the church organizations now in existence. The presbytery of Central Washington was advised not to organize at that place.

The two churches at Sunnyside and Kennewick were divided between the two bodies, Kennewick remaining in the hands of the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists taking Sunnyside.

The presbytery of Columbia river may take over the property of the Congregational church at Castle Rock and the Congregationalists will abandon the field.

The Presbyterians are to retire from Black Dimond unless a committee, composed of Dr. Smith and Dr. Wilson, who are to visit the place, shall determine otherwise.

The Presbyterians are to stay out of Monroe.

TELL THE CHILDREN OF YOUR EARLY YEARS.

Children are greatly interested in the events of their parents' early lives. "Distance," in such cases, "lends enchantment to the view." The grandmother often renders important service to the children by telling stories of old times. Those early days have romantic fascination to the little ones whose lives have but recently begun. If the story be one of pioneer life in the olden time, children appreciate it intensely. They become linked to the past by weaving the chain of memory for them and they gain a sense of solidarity with their ancestors. The family traditions, ideals and sentiment are conveyed to them and perpetuated in their thoughts and actions. It uplifts children to be brought into the line of heroic men and women, who stand out on the distant horizon in ideal and beautiful figure. We cannot estimate the effect on the character and standards of children when their ancestors are exalted

before them. It is true that such may have been ordinary men and women, but when idealized, they become the saints by whose deeds children are impressed and elevated for life's struggles.—The Watchman.

The Home.

THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

As the stars the heavens sprinkling, with a far-off, frosty twinkling
Ray a sign of God to God-aspiring man,
So the little earth-stars beaming flash a message through their gleaming
Of the love wherein the household fires began.
Gentle hands have set the friendly lamps a-burning;
Gentle shapes behind the curtains go and come;
Ay the homeless pluck up heart amidst their yearning
When they see the lights of home!

—Dora Goodale.

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.

Decades ago, when I was young, we used to write compositions on "How to Grow Old Gracefully." Today we have learned that it is not necessary to grow old at all. That keeping young is a matter of keeping one's mind bright and active, coupled of course with fresh air, plain food, and as much bodily activity as may be convenient.

As the latter, a woman who has charge of a house, even though the family be small and the nestlings flown, is not likely to grow old from want of exercise, but, lacking that, it is at her peril that she loses her ability to walk. "When I cannot walk five or six miles daily, and without fatigue," said a woman past sixty, "I know that something is wrong with me and go to an osteopath." A physician once told me that a woman of eighty came to him, and when he could find nothing wrong with her condition, said that when she ran up a flight of stairs she found herself out of breath.

In Stanford and Berkeley Universities it is no unusual sight to see a sprinkling of silvery-haired women in language, history, and botany classes, and a young friend in the agricultural college told me of a woman of fifty-five whose right arm was crippled and useless, who was taking the full agricultural course.

A woman of seventy said to me the other day, "I must brush up my French. There is much in French literature that I prefer to read in the original, and I have not had time to study for forty years." During all that time she had cared for first one and then another of a family of invalids. A busy woman who, up to her fiftieth year had the usual family cares and labors, after that time acquired a reading knowledge of French and Spanish. Another with more leisure at her command acquired German and French after fifty-five and then took up Latin with her youngest son in the high school. She enjoys it more than gossip or tea.

An hour a day spent on a foreign language, if you have the least liking for languages, will in four years give you a good reading knowledge of it as well as some ability to write it.

It is said that our Western insane asylums are largely filled with women from isolated ranches, driven to insanity by the awful loneliness of their lives. Would not some literary interest in life help to offset this crushing sense of loneliness and isolation? Assistance and advice as well as a sense of companionship can always be gained by joining a Chautauqua circle.

Where there are growing children I know how little time a mother has for study, but "it is never too late to learn and there comes a time when the children grow up and leave the home, and what shall a woman do with her leisure then? Shall she spend her time in knitting and making rag carpet, or is it not possible to get some higher enjoyment from her leisure? Since for some of us there may come a time when failing sight will render study impossible, it will always be well to keep a sheet to windward and not lose the art of knitting, but until such time comes, if a woman would keep young, let her sharpen her mind on some higher interest.

Do not say you have lost the power of concentration—re-acquire it; or that you have no memory—train it. People your lonely hours with the thoughts of great minds. If you have children at home who are still students, study with them. Don't be afraid to begin at the bottom if need be. Let your boy or girl of twelve be your teacher, if need be, and you will weave between that childish heart and your own a stronger bond, perhaps, than you could do in any other way.

The old saying that "a man is as old as he feels, and a woman as old as she looks" has lost its point in these days. Women have learned that they are not shelved at forty nor necessarily at sixty, and that not growing old is largely a matter of the will to stay young—young in heart and purpose, even though the bright eye be dimmed and the pretty hair faded or silvered.—Alice Chittenden in Table Talk.

BUBBLES.

I watch him at his play—my little lad—
His bright curls gleaming in the morning sun,
Bending above his bowl of snowy foam,
Blowing his shining bubbles, one by one.

With eager, outstretched hands he vainly strives
To grasp and hold the pretty bubbles fast,
Then, broken-hearted, nestles in my arms,
Grieving because his bubbles will not last.

I, too, have blown my bubbles, little one—
Those airy nothings of the wind and sun—
I've watched them sail, then fall and leave no trace,
And I—ah, well, I cried, too, little one.

—Florence Hadley.

"MY RELIGION AND WHY I BELIEVE IN IT."

The foregoing was the subject announced at a recent meeting in The Labor Temple, New York City, presided over by Charles Stelzle, of the department of labor of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Stelzle writes about it in The Continent:

It was understood that anybody in the audience might say anything that he desired, provided that he discussed his personal convictions regarding his religious belief. There were about 250 men present and a dozen women. Half of these were Jews.

The first one who spoke was a Jew who had become a Unitarian. He had been won by the character and the life of Christ. The second was also a Jew, but a Socialist. He told how he had been taught "religion" by his Russian mother, but that he had since studied other religions. His religion now was "the religion of the twentieth century."

"I am the product of the twentieth century—man is my God," he said. "Love is God," he continued, "shown by mercy and kindness."

Then followed a man who said that he was a Quaker by training, but that he now believed in the religion of "mind." He did not know where he came from, nor did

he know where he was going, but he felt sure that the same Power that brought him into being would take care of his destiny. He concluded by saying, "The way to be happy is to make other people happy."

"Do good and help your neighbor, and consider all others as brothers, is my religion," said a plain-looking workingman.

"I believe in a humanitarian religion," said another. "It is all summed up in this—do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God."

A Roman Catholic gave an earnest testimony to the power of his religion, adding that while we may disagree in dogma, we may still get together in the broader matters in religion.

At least a dozen strong, clearly stated three-minute speeches were made by Protestant workingmen who had known Christ's power in their lives. They told of better things than mere negative morality, of victory over sin, of a new-found joy in the Christian life. In nearly every case these latter remarks were greeted with applause. It was quite evident that the crowd was most deeply impressed by this positive note of assurance.

The spirit of tolerance manifested throughout the discussion was remarkable. Whatever the religion or the philosophy advocated, every man who spoke seemed to be earnestly seeking the truth—and this made the entire discussion hopeful. Many of the speakers quoted the text which is painted across the front of the church, just above the platform: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." A striking indication of the tendency of the Jews who come to the temple was seen in the fact that while 50 per cent of those present were Hebrews, not one spoke in favor of the Jewish religion, although fully half of those who had a part in the meeting were born in this faith.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt;
But I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see!"

"Help one another," the dewdrop cried,
Seeing another drop close to his side;
"This warm south breeze would dry me away,
And I should be gone by noon today;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And we'll make a brook, and run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then—oh, what will become of me?
But come, my brother, give me your hand,
We'll build a mountain, and there we'll stand."

—George F. Hunting.

GOOD HEALTH RESOLUTIONS.

"Resolution Number One: I will try to become more intelligent concerning my body," says Dr. Jean Williams. "looking with great respect upon my physical resources and trying to realize more fully that upon them the force and success of my life largely depend.

"Resolution Number Two: I will arrange, if possible, to supply sufficient pure air for every breath I take, thus better to combat every source of disease that might attack me, to improve my chance for long life and to increase my efficiency.

"Resolution Number Three: I will be kinder to my digestive organs, avoiding all excess and not asking them struggle with food for which they have repeatedly shown antagonism.

"Resolution Number Four: I will treat my brain and nervous system with greater consideration, and fifty-six hours of each week shall be devoted to sleep.

"Resolution Number Five: I will try to do in eight hours as much hard work as I should do in one day.

"Resolution Number Six: I will devote at least two of the twenty-four hours to such exercise as I find most beneficial.

"Resolution Number Seven: I will give my moral support to every effort, public or private, in behalf of the betterment of health conditions, so becoming a small factor in the great movement for moral and physical uplift."—Woman's Home Companion.

TO AN AUTOMOBILE.

(With Apologies.)

I have a humble longing that has never been confessed,
A longing I have striven in vain to bury in my breast;
I want to take a ride once more, when the days are hot and muggy,
Behind a little jogging horse in some old shabby buggy.

I oft am hurled along the road in some one's fine machine
At such a pace I cannot tell a brown field from a green.
I want to amble on at pace, unheeding what they say,
And watch with joy an ancient horse flinck ancient flies away.

I never see a landscape now that is not scudding by
In gales of wind and clouds of dust before my goggled eye;
The pensive cows are galloping, the hens are squawking past;
If anything seems peaceful I know it will not last. . . .

This my plebeian longing, without quibble or remorse—
I want that shabby buggy and I want that ancient horse!

—Grace Duffield Goodwin in Good Housekeeping.

Our Young People

OUR PARROT.

While men are sometimes in danger of forgetting that they are not animals, a few animals and birds show an inclination to become, as much as possible, like men.

The household pet soon adapts itself to the ways of the family. A cat will rattle the latch of a door in her attempt to open it. Puss has even tried to open a window sill on which to lie when she enjoys the sunshine and looks out upon the street. A cat of much intelligence ran quickly to her mistress, pulling at her skirts and crying in distress. By her actions the lady knew that there was trouble in the kitchen, and, hastening out, found that a kerosene lamp had fallen to the floor, and the oil was in flames. The blaze was a slight one, and soon extinguished. But for the cat the house might have been burned.

In our family we have had many pets. The last, and the strangest, is a Brazilian parrot. Perhaps his name had been Maximilian. At all events, he came to us as Mack, and he would not answer to any other name. He came to

us five or six years ago, because the new baby, Celia, must not be awakened by Mack's shrieks; for he can shriek when he demands attention. Aunt Lu gives him devoted care. A clean cage, plenty of sunflower seeds and hemp, and fresh water are daily supplied. But, in Mack's opinion, all this is of secondary importance, compared with friendly intercourse with the family.

One evening we were going to the dining-room, at the tea-hour, when Mack softly asked:

"May I come in?"

"Yes, if you would like to," was the reply.

"Do you want me?" asked Mack, seriously.

The cage was placed in a large chair, near the table. With much interest he watched the disappearance of bread, butter and dry toast. Soon came the question:

"Do you like it?" which in parrot etiquette means, "I would like some, please!"

At one time baked beans were served. When Mack saw them he said, "I don't eat!" Then, mounting upon his seed-cup, in order to get a better view of the dishes, he stretched his neck, and, looking across the table, asked, "Is that apple-sauce?"

One day I was carving a roast, when he asked the familiar question, "Do you like it?" to which I answered in the affirmative. Then came the inquiry:

"Do you like it a great many?" which, of course, was parrot for "very much."

When nuts are on the table he waits patiently for what he calls a "cracker." He knows that nuts must be cracked, and he loves to crack them with his strong beak.

No wonder that he likes nuts! Is he not from Brazil, "where the nuts come from"?

When he first saw a chocolate caramel he retreated to the farther end of his perch, as if a little afraid of this new, dark object. But his curiosity was awakened; and, approaching the caramel gently, he touched it with his round black tongue, exclaiming, "I do like it!"

Mack is very fond of rich colors, especially in dress. In our simple home garments he finds little to admire, but notices every little change of attire. In a new gray suit I went to speak to him before leaving the house. He looked at me critically, but without favor. I asked, "How do you like it, Mack?"

Turning his head on one side, like an artist criticising his own work, he surveyed me from head to foot; and, as he never tells the least untruth, and yet is strictly polite, he was puzzled. However, he gave uterance to a sound which plainly meant, "Well, it will do!"

On returning from my walk, Mack called out in a hearty tone, "Hello!"

Evidently he had repented of his coolness and was trying to make amends. Expressing much pleasure at my return, he stretched his gray-gloved "hand" through the cage wires, as if to say, "Shake hands and make up."

Again he surveyed me, but with a favorable air, exclaiming: "Oh! Oh!!—Yes! Yes!"

His love of rich colors was distinctly shown when a lady came to my studio, and stayed to luncheon with the family. She was sitting for a portrait, and wore a green velvet waist, with soft creamy lace hanging from the neck. As Mack is very fond of what he calls "gompany," he was allowed to come into the dining-room.

As soon as he saw the beautiful waist he was wild with delight. He uttered cries of joy, and stretched his "hand" through the wires of his cage, that he might offer congratulations in his usual way. Failing to meet an extended hand, he burst into a ripple of melody, singing eloquently, every feather on his head and neck stretched outward to the utmost. His eyes were large and lustrous. When excited, his voice is seldom musical, his enthusiasm carrying him beyond all bounds. The few words that he sings have a foreign sound, as if inherited from some Brazilian ancestor.

Upon occasion he can coo sweetly and musically. Sometimes he sings, with great fervor, a strain which has the sound of a priest intoning a church service into Latin. In the midst of the most impressive utterances he interpolates, in the same manner and tone, incongruous words.

Possibly he has been reared near a church or cathedral; and, while imitating the service, has been rudely scolded by some rough passer-by in the street. In time he added these words to his imitation of the service, uttering them, too, with earnest and solemn feeling.

One dark November afternoon I came into the room in which Mack was usually to be found, and, wishing to read a bit of manuscript to one of the family, looked amound to find the best light in the room. It happened to be at Mack's window, where his cage was always placed upon a small table. I took a chair, and sat down with my back to Mack and the window.

"Well, I like that!" said Mack, in an aggrieved tone.

"I beg your pardon," I replied, turning my chair, in order to soothe his injured feelings, whereupon he began one of his graceful dances, swaying his body to the right and left, as the Spanish ladies do in their national dancing.

One year the month of July was unusually cold. Through June our tropical bird had reveled in the summer sunshine and the sweet air. As the cold days came on, he discoursed chiefly upon the weather.

"Mackie's cold! Do you like the cold?" was his continual plaint; and the only way to make him comfortable, in the absence of sunshine, was to partly cover his cage with a thin woollen blanket, and, in very cold and damp weather, to let him sit for a few moments near the range in the kitchen. He often asks us to bring his "cover" if he is at all cold.

When he first came to us, I would sometimes carry his night "cover" to the piazza, and freshen it in the fine morning air and sunshine. The first time I did this he called out in alarm, "Where are you going with my coat?"

In the long evenings of the country we miss the musical attractions of the city, and so introduce home music, singing, piano, or guitar. Our music is keenly enjoyed by the parrot, who expresses delight over his favorite tunes, especially if they are lively and gay. He is fond, too, of sentimental music. To him it comes as something that he likes, but cannot comprehend. He listens with evident enjoyment, but says nothing unless asked. Then he mutters a monosyllable, "Um, um!" as much as to say, "Indeed, I do like it!"

As a true son of the tropics, he prefers brilliant and florid music. Among his favorites are Von Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" and Schubert's "Moment Musical." Another is Von Weber's "March of the Bohemans," which calls out from him delicious little squeals of delight, and at times a few strains softly hummed, as if he were trying to memorize it.

One evening we began to play a simple duet arrangement of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." The music opens with slow triplets in the bass, low and solemn. This did not suit our gay, Brazilian listener, who growled like a little bear, and then reproached the bass performer with, "Why!) Lou-ie! Lou-ie!"

We laughed at him so heartily that it was impossible to continue. Again we tried, but the growls went on, and the "Moonlight" was postponed to another evening. Yet our little critic gladly listens to Beethoven, as long as we avoid this incomparable work.

The singing of birds in the apple-trees awakens in Mack a strange mingling of emotions. Early in the season he was delighted, but later came a look of inquiry, as if he were asking himself "How do they do it?"

He can imitate perfectly the cawing of crows and the crowing of the cocks. He likes to open the day by crowing, but prefers that we should ask for a "cockerel." If we neglect to ask for one, he inquires, "Do you want a cockerel?" and then gives a perfect imitation of a cock in the distance.

His fears are few, but they are real. His especial objects of terror are a lawn-mower and a carpet-sweeper.

In color he is of a beautiful green, slightly mottled in the back with black pencilings. His breast is, in the light, brilliant and iridescent. His face is of a rich yellow, and over his beak is a crestlike arrangement of cobaltgreen feathers, very fine and delicate. His eyes are large, and, when he is happy, lustrous. They are surrounded with fine short eyelashes; the pupil very dark brown, almost black; the iris, amber in hue. The under side of his wings shows a rich indigo, deep scarlet, and a Moorish yellow-green. His "shoulder-knots" are of a brilliant, rich-toned scarlet, like poppies.

At times he wearies of hearing about his beauty, as when I said to him, "Mack, you are a beautiful boy!" his reply was: "I have heard it! I can't help it."—Christian Register.

THE WAY TO SHADOWTOWN.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown.
It sails away at the end of the day,
Just as the darkness closes round.

Rest, little hand, on my shoulder—so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare,
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking-chair.

See, where the firelogs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of Shadowland,
The raining drops on the window—hark—
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There where a mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are wavering o'er its brim—
Those over there on the windowsill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down,
Dear little passenger; say "Good-night'—
We've reached the harbor of Shadow-town.

—Eugene Field.

By one great Heart the universe is stirred;
By its strong pulse stars climb the darkening blue;
It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing hue;
And thrills through low, sweet song of every bird.

FOREIGNERS IN AMERICAN PULPITS.

(From California Christian Advocate)

The press just now is wondering why the leading pulpits of America are being filled from England. Attention is called to the fact that the great pulpits in New York are being filled by preachers from England. Dr. Jowett of Birmingham comes to Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the Central Congregational Church, Dr. Charles F. Aked, the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. Dr. Hugh Black to Union Theological Seminary. There is supposed to be a reason for this situation, very much as there is a reason for a richer, deeper and more effective foreign literature. The age of a country, the leisure necessary for pulpit and literary work are factors in this problem. These men are the product of many generations. The conditions in America are favorable for making a fortune, but not favorable for that culture, for that clear perspective to be found after centuries of effort. Robert Collyer, John Hall and Geo. A. Gordon are men made after generations of continued effort. These men, though born across the sea, belong to all men. The kingdom of God is omni-national and the circulation of its great preachers should be as nearly universal as possible. We have absolutely no sympathy with the idea that the American pulpits are exclusively for American born preachers. The opportunities for doing great things in a newer country are increased and we can hardly blame the great preachers of the old country for accepting the invitations to pulpits in this new and expanding country. We know something of the work to be done in America. If such men as Jowett, John Hall, Cadman and Hugh Black can be spared from the old country they will find a most hearty and royal welcome in America. They belong to the Christian world. America is big enough, broad enough to give them a most cordial welcome. When the question of comparison is up we think it only just to say that there never was a time when the pulpits of the old world were not wide open to such great American preachers as Bishop Simpson, Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks, Maltbie Babcock, Henry Van Dyke and a score of Americans who could be mentioned in this connection. The effort to discount American preachers is neither wise, just nor pertinent. The coming to this country of men like Cadman, Jowett and Hugh Black is not only a glorious reinforcement to the ministry, but a strength to the bond of Christian civilization, binding the old and the new countries more securely together. It was not the politicians, not the diplomats, not the statesmen that vitalized the bonds of friendship between England and America from 1861-1865, but the great preachers, Beecher, Simpson and later Moody. It is with unfeigned joy that we welcome the great preachers of all the nations. These men are great patriots and a distinct contribution to American life. If England, Scotland and Ireland can spare these glorious men, America has room for a thousand of them.

On March 4th advices were received in America stating that quiet has been restored in the regions of Tarsus and Adana following the recent outbreak of Moslem fanaticism. In adjusting the difficulties arising from the terrible massacres of a year ago a number of Moslem leaders were executed, and notices have been posted announcing other executions to follow if Christians are further molested. A majority of the army stationed at Tarsus, the ancient city of Saul, are followers of Christ, and it is certain they will obey orders to quell any further disturbances.

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NO APOLOGY.

"Be men," said the doctor to his class of bright-eyed students, "strong, self-controlled, manly men. Build your character up to full measure; make it such that others can rely upon it and not be disappointed. Don't be apologies for men, nor men that need apologizing for. Did you ever notice how many people there are for whom their friends are continually having to make excuses? 'That's his way; we always have to make allowance for that.' 'He is so quick-tempered that it often makes him unreasonable; but he's good-hearted down under it all.' 'You can count on him if you take him in the right mood,' and so on. I charge you, boys, to be masters of your moods, your tempers, and your ways. Never let them get so strong that they shall represent you to the world, that you shall be known by them rather than by anything else that may be in you. No one has a right to do business on the patience of his friends, or to expect those about him to excuse the faults and weaknesses he can remedy. What the world wants is the man who has honestly made the best of himself, and who needs no apology."—Forward.

DON'T FORGET.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those in house of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
Then let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do.
To those who little know.
Remember curses, something like
Our chickens, "roost at home;"
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

—Exchange.

A NEW KIND OF A DOG.

Santa Claus brought a great many nice presents to Frank last Christmas, but today only one of them is sound and whole. This is a little black dog which does not grow a bit, although Frank feeds him often. He is very small, but quite heavy for his size. Frank calls him "Nigger," because he is so black and curly.

"Please feed Nig!" Frank says to his papa, his grandpa, or any one else belonging to the family, all the while holding his small dog and shaking him dreadfully. Yes, he really does shake him, and he isn't a cruel boy, either!

They all like Frank, who is a rollicking, rosy boy, so they feel in their pockets in quest of something for Nig. But he never seems to get enough, and as I said before does not grow any larger, though he gets heavier.

"What do you feed your dog on, Frank?" asked Uncle Tom, one day.

"Money!" said Frank, promptly, shaking Nig. until he rattled awfully. Nig never barks, he rattles.

"Got any nickels and dimes? He will eat pennies if he can't do any better," says the sly rascal.

"Here's something; tell him to open his mouth," said Uncle Tom. Frank held up Nig. and you won't believe me when I tell you his mouth is in the middle of his back!

"There; that's all today," says Uncle Tom, poking in the last nickel. "He a very expensive dog to keep, isn't he?"

Now, what kind of a dog is Nig?—Child's Gem.

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